



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08179205 7



**Boston
in
1682 and 1699**

The second publication of the (Club for Colonial Reprints)
of Providence, Rhode Island

ONE HUNDRED COPIES

no. 37

Boston in 1682 and 1699

7840

A Trip to New-England
by Edward Ward

and

A Letter from New-England
by J.W.

Reprinted, with an Introduction and Notes
by George Parker Winship



Providence, Rhode Island

1 9 0 5

Checked
May 1913

Digitized by Google

371362

Copyright, 1905
by the
Club for Colonial Reprints

GOO-
STANDARD
PRINTING
COMPANY
• PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Table of Contents

	Page
Introduction	9
A Trip to New-England in 1699	29
A Letter from New-England in 1682	71
Notes	85

Introduction

Poor NEW-ENGLAND !

THOU hast always been the
eye-sore of Squinting malignity;
the Butt of many Envenomed Arrows,
which from time to time have been Shot at
thy tranquillity; but of none more wickedly
Designed, than those late Addresses, which
have (after their fashion) Endeavored to
alienate Affections from thee. However let it
be known, thou hast friends who Sufficiently
know thy circumstances, to wipe off the Dirt
now cast upon thee;
And give thee a better
and more faithfull
Carracter.

“A Vindication of New-England from
The Vile Aspersions Cast upon
that Country.”

— Printed about 1690



BOSTON in 1700 was beginning to be a city. It had been a flourishing seaport town for half a century, but until the time of Andros the trade had been almost wholly local. New-England sailors, in vessels built along the shores of Massachusetts Bay, engaged in fishing and commerce sufficient to meet the wants of the country. But before the end of the seventeenth century, conditions changed. The sailing-masters learned the way to more distant European and Spanish-American ports, and among the ten thousand inhabitants of the capital of New-England could be found many who were strangers to the puritan habits of the earlier settlers. The older families of property had their mansions back from the main street of the town, at the edge of the orchards which skirted the three little rising hills which gave to the Shawmut peninsula its other name of Tremont. The later-comers, craftsmen, sailors, and others, were crowded together in the lower section and along the water-front on the harbour side of the peninsula, which still occasionally became an island when the wind helped a spring tide to flood the road over the Neck which led to Roxbury.

The homogeneous compactness of the first two generations of English Puritan settlers was giving way before the inroads of the hangers-on of a commercial class. The town had begun to possess the miscellaneous characteristics of a shipping port, with its taverns and sailors' havens, its upstart families with and without means about whom the older residents knew nothing, and its gossip of all the world, which was discussed at every wellcurb before it reached the ears of those who, a generation earlier, knew within the hour of every calving and every upset in the harbour. The Boston of John Winthrop had been succeeded by that of Samuel Sewall. Lusty motherless infants squalling on the most respectable bulkheads took the place of the monstrous births which cast their malodorous shadows across the pages of the chronicler of the beginnings of Boston. Strangers, known to no one, were frozen to death on the Neck; hold-up robberies were committed without detection on the paths of the Common; pirate crews for Madagascar were recruited at the wharf ends; drunken Councillors disturbed the slumbers of the church-folk after midnight, as their coaches rattled homeward over the town highway.

Such was the town wherein the scapegrace Lon-

don taverner, Ned Ward, sought refuge from the persecution which had driven him out of England in the closing decade of the seventeenth century. None the less was Boston also still the heart and the soul of Puritan New-England, with its sober old church-going, God-fearing families who remembered why their new world home had been founded, and who maintained the traditions of their grandmothers. If Ned Ward saw and heard much that was bad in the Boston of 1700, he could have seen much more that was good, had he cared to look for it.

That there were many wicked people who did sinful things in Boston two hundred years ago, there is abundant testimony. Better than that of the runaway London pamphleteer, who knew to the turn of a phrase how to make his writings sell at every table in the ale houses, or even than that of soul-wracked, money making Judge Sewall, is the evidence of the best known clergymen of the town. In constantly repeated charges—the value of which may fairly be gauged by comparing them with the almost identical statements regarding the twentieth century Boston ascribed to the leaders of two other great denominations—Increase and Cotton Mather bore witness to the abounding wickedness of their beloved city.

As early as 1673 Increase Mather, in his "Two Sermons against the Sin of Drunkenness," bemoaned the multiplication of taverns and ale houses "more than there is Need for." "I know," said he, for the dominant New-Englander of his generation was no fanatic, "that in such a great Town as this, there is need of such Houses, and no sober Minister will speak against the Licensing of them; . . . Especially see that you keep a vigilant eye over these private, dark Houses, where wicked Persons Sell Drink and Destroy Souls to get a little Money; and which do more mischief, than all the publick Houses do good, as being the very Sinks of Sin, whereby Youth is wofully corrupted amongst us." Again, nine years later, preaching on "The Doctrine of Divine Providence," the elder Mather declared that "Sin and daring Prophaneness gets head, and is become exceeding bold amongst us. Time was when in New-England they durst not continue whole nights in Taverns, in drinking and gaming, and mispending their precious Time. . . . Time was when in this Boston men durst not be seen in Taverns after the Sabbath is begun,"—the last charge one which loses some of its force when we recollect the earnest controversy over the necessity of beginning the observance of the Lord's Day with the

preceding sundown. It is, however, quite certain that all of the molasses that was turned into Medford rum did not find its way by the triangular trade back to the West Indies in the shape of "blackbirds." "Excess in Drinking has become the Crying Sin of Multitudes in New England," declared Mather in his Election Sermon of 1706. A dozen years earlier, his son, in his "Short History of New England," had observed that "In our Military State have not our Artillery Exercises even dwindled away to Nothing"—a statement which makes one wish that Mather might witness the annual training in which that same Artillery Company still indulges—"and many other Training Dayes become little other than Drinking Dayes." Again in 1712, in the preface to the reprint of his "Burnings Bewailed," the elder Mather asks "Is not that worse than Brutish Sin of Drunkenness, become a prevailing Iniquity all over the Countrey? How has Wine and Cyder, but most of all Rum, Debauched Multitudes of People, Young and Old?"

In his exhortation on Divine Providence, Mather touched on another characteristic of the New-England folk which did not escape Ward's observant comment. "Faith is another weighty matter of the Law. That is Fidelity in keeping ones word. But

how negligent are men in performing their promises? New-England does hear ill abroad in the world because there are so many amongst us (for whose sakes the whole Land suffers) that will Promise but not make due conscience to performe their Ingagements."

In 1713 Cotton Mather uttered "A very brief Essay, on Fidelity In Keeping of Promises and Engagements," suggested by the fact that "I have with no Little Trouble sometimes heard this Remark made by Strangers, who had but just begun to know the Countrey; 'Many of your People here are not Men of their Word. In other places, when we have made a meer Verbal Agreement about any thing, we think our selves bound in Honour and Conscience, to stand unto it. In this place, if what is Agreed, be not under Hand and Seal, it signifies nothing; For the least Advantage, on the last Occasion, men fall back from what we thought they had Engaged unto us. They talk of us, as the Historian did of the Old Parthians, *Quibus Vtilitas semper Fide Sanctor*; They keep their Word, no further than it stands with their Conveniency. . . . I am afraid, There is too much Reason to repeat the Ancient Exclamations; *A Faithful Man, who can find! And, Help, Lord, for the faithful fail from among the*

Children of Men! . . . A Short Essay for the perswading of men to be as Good as their Words; Our Epidemical Fault has made it very Seasonable."

Two years later he again found occasion to preach on "Fair Dealing between Debtor and Creditor," because "It has been complained, That tho' the Religion of God, be Professed with an uncommon Show among our selves, yet among us, there are too often found such Iniquities in the Dealings of Men, as are condemned even in the Judgment of the Nations; and there are Better Morals to be found in Places, which yet may have the Censure of the Patriarch upon Gerar too much belonging to them, than sometimes occur in what makes the most flourishing Pretences to be a Land of Rectitude."

The religious leaders of all ages and races have had reason to complain of the failure of the supposedly faithful to attend to divine worship, but some of the exhortations of the Mathers on this subject serve to confirm what Ward says about the churchly habits of the New-Englanders. As early as 1674, Increase Mather observed among "the Signs of a Day of Trouble being near," "a great Decay as to the power of godliness amongst us. Professors are many of them of a loose, carnal, ungirt Conversation. We can now see little difference between

Church-members and other men, as to their discourses, or their spirits, or their walking, or their garb, but Professors of Religion fashion themselves according to the world. . . . Whence is all that rising up, and disobedience in Inferiors toward Superiors, in Families, in Churches, and in the Commonwealth, but from the unmortified Pride which is in the hearts of the sons and daughters of men. . . . Are there no biting Usurers in New-England? Are there not those that grind the faces of the poor? . . . Some don't pray in their Families above once a day"—perhaps an anti-climax when read in the twentieth century. In 1702, in "A Discourse, Shewing what Cause there is to Fear that the Glory of the Lord, is departing from New-England," Mather found the cause in "the Apostacy and the Iniquity of the People there." "How many are there among us," he asks, "whose Fathers in coming into this Wilderness, designed nothing but Religion! But *They* are for another Interest. Their Hearts are not but for the world. . . . That there is a General defection in New England from Primitive Purity and Piety in many respects is so plain as that it cannot be denied. . . . There are Ministers who are not like their Predecessors, not Principled, nor Spirited, as they were. So far

from being so, as that Sundry of them have in Print Mock't and Scoff't at the Holy Covenant, and other Holy Practices which have been the Glory of these Churches of the Lord. . . . Of Later Times we have too much changed that which was our Glory, not keeping the Kingdom of God in the First Place, not making Religion, but Trade and Land, and Earthly accomodations our Interest. . . . And God has remarkably smitten us in that which has been our *Idol*."

The earthquakes of 1705 recalled Mather's attention to the sins of New-England; "*Stage-Playes*, and *Mixed Dancings*, and those Diversions in which Cruelty is Exercised on Dumb Creatures, which some Ungodly Youths in this Countrey have delighted themselves with; I mean that which they call *Cock-Scaling* . . . and those infamous Games of *Cards* and *Dice*. Because of the Lottery which is in them . . . it is a matter of Lamentation that ever such things as these should be heard of in New-England, and that so many of the Young Generation should be Corrupted with them. . . . And are there not some that Smoke away their time? . . . An hours Idleness is a Sin as well as an Hours Drunkenness. . . . Moreover, there are some who altho' they are not altogether Idle, never-

theless, they spend their Time Unprofitably. It may be in Reading unprofitable Books. Some read Prophane Books. Such as come from the *Stage*, whose vile design is to Corrupt good manners. Others spend their time in reading vain *Romances*. It may be that if they had spent half that Time in Reading the Scriptures, and Books that shew unto them the way to Eternal Life, they might have been Converted thereby. But what are they the better for Reading *Romantic Stories*? It is meer loss of time. And do not some spend much Time in unprofitable Discourse? Do not they that frequent Publick Houses do so? What shall be said of Tipplers? Prov. 23. 30. *They tarry long at the wine.* There are that spend much time in the Tavern, or in the Ale-house: They tarry long there. And what is their Discourse there? That which is very Unprofitable, and many times very Sinful. It may make a mans heart tremble to think what account some Church-members will give to Christ at the Day of Judgment, for the time they have spent at the Tavern and at the Coffee House." The following year, in a Discourse on Tithes, Mather declared that "it is a doleful thing, that there should be Towns in New-England, able to Support the Preaching of the Gospel, and yet not one man found there

is willing to give Entertainment to a Minister of Christ. . . . That the Allegation of the Countrys Poverty, is but a pretended reason for the Ingratitude that many are guilty of, is evident from this Consideration . . . that less than one half the Tenth would in many Towns with us honourably support the Ministry among them. Are there not some Towns in New-England in which the Inhabitants spend more at the Tavern, than they do to uphold the Publick Worship of God?"

In 1711 Mather again made "an Earnest Exhortation to the Children of New-England," venturing the assertion that "if Enquiry should be made, there will be found more than a thousand in this Town of Boston, who never were at the Table of the Lord once in all their Lives. . . . And are not many of the Children of New-England, Vicious and Vile in their Conversations? Drunkards, Swearers, Sabbath breakers, disobedient to Parents, Lyars, and their Life is among the Unclean. And are not such Sins become Common as once were rarely known in New-England?" Even in the house of worship, apparently the young people did not always behave with that ever-present dread of the tithing man, which is commonly supposed to have preserved an awful silence during the Sabbath day

services. In his "Meditations on the Lords Day," in 1711, the elder Mather recalls that his "Congregation had an experience of Children's Wickedness near upon Forty Years Ago, when there was a Couple of Wicked Youths that behaved themselves rudely and began to strike one another in Sermon time." Nor was this an isolated example, for he goes on to record that "there are great Complaints of the Flaming Wickedness of Children in this part of the Town, who are seen playing in the Streets, and near unto; nay in the House of God, and this too in the time of Publick Worship. . . . I speak this to the Shame of the North Congregation in Boston, that Strangers who occasionally come here, profess that they never saw such Rudeness and Profaneness on the Sabbath amongst any Children, as in this Assembly."

Nor were the children the only ones who disturbed the preacher during service time. "I see none Asleep at this time," rejoiced Cotton Mather, in his address on "The Terror of the Lord," on the morning after the earthquake of October 30, 1727. "'Tis a Congregation of Hearers, that I am at this Time speaking to. This very Circumstance awakens a Thought in me; That sleeping in the Assemblies of Zion, when it is Indulged and not a meer

Involuntary surprisal upon Infirmary, 'tis utterly a Fault, and offers an Affront unto Heaven: But it is a very Epidemical Miscarriage in the Countrey." And then he continues, summing up the signs of the times: "How do the Sins of Intemperance grow upon us! How do the Sins of Unchastity under the Curse of Heaven Increase and Multiply among us? How do the Sins of Dishonesty bring an Abominable Scandal on our Profession, and the pernicious ways thereof, make the way of Truth to be evil spoken of?"

Other serious charges against the young people of New-England were set forth more strongly by the youthful local preacher than by the tolerant London man of the world. In 1692 Cotton Mather uttered a Midnight Cry that "some of our Rising Generation have been given up to the most abominable Impieties of Uncleaness, Drunkenness, and a Lewd, Rude, Extravagant sort of Behaviour. There are the Children of Belial among them, and Prodigies of Wickedness." Seven years later, speaking of "a Family Well-Ordered," he declared that "a Woful putrefaction threatens the Rising Generation; Barbarous Ignorance, and the unavoidable consequence of it, Outrageous Wickedness, will make the Rising Generation Loathsome." In 1712,

the elder Mather spoke more specifically, and after describing the practice of certain godly young men who met each Sabbath evening to repeat the sermon of the day, he continued; "But alas! There are other Young Men, how do they spend the Lords-day Evening? They will Meet together to be Merry and Vain; and some are guilty of more Sin that Night, than on any other Night." There is further confirmation of the accuracy of Ward's comparison between the effect of religious excitation in New-England and that engendered at the Country Fairs at home, in Cotton Mather's "Remarks on the Earthquake of 1727," wherein he found occasion to plead that "The Evening that follows the Lord's-Day may not be prostituted unto such Vile Purposes, as to spoil and lose all the Good of the Day; and that there may no more be such a Quick Transition as there often is, from the Exercises of Godliness, to all Ungodly Vanities and Lewdnesses. It is complained, That there is more Sin committed on that Evening among us, than in any Evening of all the Week beside. Young People," he concluded, "where were you, and what was it that you did last night?"

There is little justification for surprise that the morals of youthful New-Englanders, two hundred

years ago, were far from meeting the avowed standards of later generations. The social atmosphere in which the children of early New-England grew up was permeated with references to the unauthorized relations of the sexes. It was something quite different from the ordinary unrestrained conversation of an agricultural, stock-raising community. It may in some measure have resulted from the Puritan custom of reading the Bible through from Genesis to the Apocalypse, in the course of the daily family devotions,—for the Old Testament is no respecter of prudery. The child who learned to spell from “The New-England Primer,” as soon as he was able to master words of five syllables, was taught “For-ni-ca-ti-on.” This word, one of fourteen of that length, may have been selected because it seems to have been expected that there would be many too-recently married young people who would have occasion to make public confession thereto in church, in order to secure baptism for their first-born infant. As Mr. Charles Francis Adams has shown, in such staid old towns as Braintree, Dedham, and Groton, which are not in the districts where bundling was most in vogue, there can have been very little shame attending the confession that the young pair had complied with the custom, a

survival from the time when trial before marriage was recognized as a wise precaution, which assured them that their union would be blessed with offspring. The custom did not, unhappily, always lead to a permanent mating, and the frequency with which the colonial lawmakers returned to the subject of bastardy shows how serious was the burden imposed upon the taxpayers by the necessity of assisting the deserted mothers. As late as 1774, Governor Hutchinson, when Lord Dartmouth "took notice of the commonness of that vice among the young people of New-England," could only reply by speaking "largely of the piety of the first settlers."

If the Boston which Ward visited when the seventeenth century was ending does not seem to have been altogether a pleasant place to live in, this is very far from proving that the city, as Ward, with ordinary veracity, described it, was any worse than the rest of the world at that time. Some of its faults were peculiar to its people, and some of those which Ward disliked the most may have had their advantages from the point of view of the townspeople. On the whole the characteristics of seventeenth century Boston compare very favorably with what is known of other places in the old or the new

world. To the reader who has turned the leaves of Ward's other pamphlets or perused the popular writings of his contemporaries, the real surprise will be that Ward found so little to say about Boston that is positively discreditable. There, as everywhere, anyone could find what he was looking for. Ward complained that the town offered little opportunity for a person with his peculiar tastes and aptitudes, and therefore he held the townsfolk up to ridicule because they suffered this little to exist. He did not like the Bostonians, who did not like him. As had happened when the town was younger, the undesirable immigrant was quickly made to realize that he was not wanted. Like Roger Williams and the Quakers, he was gotten rid of. Like them, he had his revenge in the lasting shame of the town in the minds of those who do not read below the surface of written history.'

EDWARD WARD, a person "of low extraction and of little education," was born in Oxfordshire in 1667. He visited Jamaica and New England, apparently from a necessity of getting out of England, before he began his career as a London publican, in Moorfields. In 1699 he removed to "the King's Arms in Fulwoods Rents, a punch shop and tavern next door to Gray's Inn." There he continued to act as host until his death in 1731. He published his first pamphlet in 1691, and during the ensuing forty years produced more than a hundred pieces on every subject likely to meet with a ready sale.

The "Trip to New-England" was first published anonymously in 1699, in a folio tract, the type page measuring six by ten inches, with a title and pages of text numbered 3 to 16. Copies of this first edition are now so rarely met with that it is a fair inference that they sold quickly and were widely read, thus helping to create in the minds of the London populace ideas regarding the New-Englanders which are still occasionally to be met with. The tract was reprinted in the fifth volume of Ward's "Miscellaneous Writings," in which it went through many editions.

THE LETTER FROM NEW ENGLAND, which is now reprinted for the first time, is of interest, not so much for any information which it contains, as because it shows how the English "man on the street" two centuries ago acquired his ideas regarding his New-England countrymen. It also illustrates what Ward might have done, if he had not possessed considerable talent for observation and keenness of insight, as well as the knack of saying things so as to catch his readers' interest. Ward's statements were not all true, but they undoubtedly represent with a fair degree of accuracy what he saw and what he was told during an actual visit to Boston. Like the author of the "Letter," he retailed the Town Topics of his day, which represented the facts with the same degree of correctness as their successors do to-day.

The "Letter" shows one of the ways in which those who were trying to secure the issuance of a Writ of Quo Warranto against the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company endeavoured to accomplish their purpose. The attack on the charter began in 1635, as soon as it became evident to the partisans of the crown that the company organization was being developed in New-England for other than commercial purposes. The writ was issued in

July, 1683, and an action was promptly entered against the rulers of the Bay colony. The defence offered such effective opposition to the prosecution of the suit that the enemies of the colony government changed their method of attack, transferred the action to another court, and secured a decision vacating the Massachusetts charter before any satisfactory method of delaying the decision could be devised.

The chief mover of the attack against the charter was Edward Randolph, and there can be no doubt that the "Letter" was written by someone in his party. There were several J. W.'s among the friends of Randolph, but there is no reason to suppose that the author necessarily signed his own initials to the publication.

The "Letter" is a folio tract, the type page measuring five and a half by nine inches, and has a title and text pages numbered 1 to 9. It is reprinted through the courtesy of Mr. William Sumner Appleton, of Boston, the owner of the only copy known.

Edward Ward's
Trip to New England
1699

A
T R I P
TO
NEW-ENGLAND.
WITH A
CHARACTER
OF THE
Country and People,
BOTH
English and Indians.



LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1699.

A Trip to New-England, &c.



BISHOPS, Bailiffs, and Bastards, were the three Terrible Persecutions which chiefly drove our unhappy Brethren to seek their Fortunes in our Forreign Colonies. One of these Bug-bears, I confess, frightened me from the Blessings of my own dear Native Country; and forc'd me to the Fatigue of a long Voyage, to escape a Scouring.

But whether *Zeal*, *Debt*, or the sweet Sin of *Procreation*, begot in my Conscience those Fears, which hurried me a great many Leages beyond my *Senses*, I am as unwilling to declare to the World, as a *Romish* Damsel that has lost her *Maiden-head*, is to confess her Frailty to the Priest.

For many Years my *Mind* sat as Easie in my *Breast*, as an *Alderman* in an *Elbow-Chair*, till the Devil envying my Felicity, flung so many *Crosses* and *Losses* in my way, that every Step I took in my Occupation, I was timorous of Tumbling.

I thought it then high time to seek for Balm, but

finding none in *Gilead*, I was mov'd by the Spirit of Necessity, to forsake Ungodly *London*, for Religious *Boston* in *New-England*; hoping to *Purifie* myself by the way in an *Ocean* of *Brine*, That when I got thither, I might find my *Condition*, as well as my *Conscience*, in a tollerable *Pickle*, fitted for the Conversation of the *Saints* in so *Holy a Land*.

I pack'd up my Auls in order for my Voyage; and Embarked the Ship the *Prudent Sarah*, at *Gravesend*, who was weighing Anchor, with a fair Wind for the *Downs*, That I had no leasure to step back to *London* to satisfie my *Creditors*; but, like a Girl that's *Ravish'd*, was forc'd, with a very good will, to do that which I intended.

To entertain this Merry Town, with an exact *Journal* in *Tarpaulin Arabick*, is like reading the *Revelations* to an establish'd *Atheist*, or repeating a *Welsh Commedy* to a *Highlander*. I shall therefore omit all such accustomed Fustian, and divert you with some Thoughts of my own in the time of my Passage.

When I first came on Board, I fancy'd the *Ship* to be like a *Country Village* with two or three *May-poles* in 't; and the Fellows running about Deck in Red and White-wastcoats, to be the Young Men of the Town engaged in a match at *Foot-ball*.

Sometimes I consider'd them as a *Pack* of *Hounds*, and the *Pilot* to be the *Hunts-man*: For, like *Dogs* upon a *Scent*, they keep a heavy *Yelping* at their *Business*; but in every interval, were as silent as a *Beagle* at a *Loss*.

At other times, I have fancy'd a *Ship* to be a floating *Hive*, instead of *Bees*, possess'd by *Drones*, who make more *T - - d* than *Honey*.

A *Vessel*, whilst the *Pilot* is on Board, is an Emblem of Feeble *Monarchy*; where the *King* has a *States-man* in his *Dominions* Greater than himself, That the *Prince* only bears the *Title*, but the other the *Command*.

A *Man* on Board cannot but be thoughtful on two *Destinies*, viz. *Hanging* and *Drowning*: For withinside you have *Rope*, and without *Water* enough to effect either. So that it often put me in mind of the old Proverb, *The Sea and the Gallows refuses none*.

A *Commander* when at *Sea*, is a *Marine Deity*; his *Will* is his *Law*, and the *Power* of *Punishing* soly in his own hands. He has a *Wooden World* at his *Mercy*, wherein there is no way to be *Happy*, but by due *Obedience*: For he that knoweth his *Masters Will*, and doth it not, shall be beaten with many *Stripes*.

When out at Sea, I thought the World was Drown'd, because no Land was to be seen. The *Captain* and his *Mess*, I compar'd to *Noah* and his *Family*; but as for the rest, they were the *Beasts* of the *Ark*.

We were very good *Christians* when we'd nothing else to do: All Hands in a *Calme* to *Pray* or *Pick Okum*; but to work in a *Storm*, serve God serve Devil.

Brandy and *Tobacco* are the Soul of a *Seaman*, he that wants either, is but half himself; and he that has neither, wants every thing that's needful; and must, in his own defence, turn *Thief* or *Beggar*.

Mariners, like *Parsons*, are much given to look Upwards; but never consult Heaven beyond the *Pole*, or the *Pointers*. At Sea they are a kind of *Persians*, trusting to the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* for Bodily Salvation.

They seldom take notice but of one Miracle since *Adam*, and that is of *Noah's* guiding the *Ark* to a safe Harbour, without the help of a *Sail*, or the use of a *Rudder*: Which (forgetting Providence) they urge to be Impossible.

A foul Wind makes scanty Messes; for it's a chearful saying among Seamen, *Large Wind, Large Allowance*: *Starving* and *Drowning* being to them equally terrible.

Facetious Ignorance is an excellent Tallent to win the Captains Favour. Reason at Sea, without the Rules of Navigation, is as dangerous to be talk'd as Treason : For nothing galls the Ambition of a Commander more, Than to hear any Body on Board seem Wiser than himself.

They generally bestow their *Favours*, as Fortune does her *Benefits*, as if both their Heads were in a Bag ; and for want of *Sense* or *Sight*, choose *Dunces* for their *Minions*, and *Fools* for their *Companions* : Dreading *Ingenuity*, and slighting *Merit*. Being possitive in *Errors*, hateful to *Instruction*, proud of their *Ignorance*, and *Wise* in their own conceits.

A Violent *Storm* at Sea, to me, seem'd the Minute resemblance of a general *Conflagration* : When Jarring Elements for Power contended ; and angry Heavens belch'd out flakes of its consuming Fire on the reflecting Ocean ; follow'd with dreadful Claps of rending Thunder, rattling from Cloud to Cloud, thro' Rains and Hurricanes, till the Conquering Wind had blown his Sable Enemies beneath our Horizon, and clear'd the Skies of his affrightening Rivals.

A *Calm* to me was an Effeminate acquiescence of the *Elements* ; and unpleasant to a manly disposition : The World look'd as if Nature was a Sleep ; and,

careless of her charge, had suffer'd (thro' Neglect) the whole Universe to be Idle. I could compare our Ship to nothing in so smooth a Sea, but to an Egg upon a *Looking-glass*.

Idleness at Sea is the worst of Slavery; and he that has nothing to do, is Buried Alive in a *Cabbin* instead of a *Coffin*.

With these sort of Cogitations I past away my Time, being tost about by the Waves like a *Dog* in a *Blanket*, till we got Sight of the *Promis'd Land*, and Arriv'd at our desir'd Port, *Boston*. Of which I shall first proceed to give you an Account, free from Prejudice or Partiality.

Of Boston, and the Inhabitants.

On the *South-west* side of *Massachusets-Bay*, is *Boston*; whose Name is taken from a Town in *Lincoln-shire*: And is the Metropolis of all *New-England*. The Houses in some parts joyn as in *London*. The *Buildings*, like their *Women*, being *Neat* and *Handsome*. And their *Streets*, like the *Hearts* of the *Male Inhabitants*, are Paved with *Pebble*.

In the Chief, or high Street, there are stately Edifices, some of which have cost the owners two or three Thousand Pounds the raising; which, I

think, plainly proves Two old *Adages* true, viz. *That a Fool and his Money is soon parted*; and, *set a Beggar on Horse-back he'll Ride to the Devil*; for the Fathers of these Men were *Tinkers and Peddlers*.

To the Glory of Religion, and the Credit of the Town, there are four *Churches*, Built with *Clap-boards* and *Shingles*, after the Fashion of our *Meeting-houses*; which are supply'd by four Ministers, to whom some, very justly, have apply'd these Epithites, one a *Scholar*, the Second a *Gentleman*, the Third a *Dunce*, and the Fourth a *Clown*.

Their Churches are *Independent*, every Congregation, or Assembly, in *Ecclesiastical* Affairs, being distinctly Govern'd by their own *Elders* and *Deacons*, who in their Turns set the *Psalmes*; and the former are as busie on *Sundays*, to excite the People to a Liberal Contribution, as our Church-Wardens at *Easter* and *Christmas*, are with their Dishes, to make a Collection for the Poor.

Every Stranger is unavoidably forc'd to take this Notice, That in *Boston*, there are more *Religious Zealots* than *Honest-men*, more *Parsons* than *Churches*, and more *Churches* than *Parishes*: For the *Town*, unlike the *People*, is subject to no *Division*.

The Inhabitants seem very Religious, showing many outward and visible Signs of an inward and

Spiritual Grace : But tho' they wear in their Faces the *Innocence* of *Doves*, you will find them in their Dealings, as *Subtile* as *Serpents*. *Interest* is their *Faith*, *Money* their *God*, and *Large Possessions* the only *Heaven* they covet.

Election, *Commencement*, and *Training-days*, are their only *Holy-days*; they keep no *Saints-Days*, nor will they allow the *Apostles* to be *Saints*, yet they assume that Sacred Dignity to themselves; and say, in the Title Page of their Psalm-Book, *Printed for the Edification of the Saints in Old and New-England*.

They have been very severe against *Adultery*, which they Punish'd with Death; yet, notwithstanding the Harshness of their Law, the Women are of such noble Souls, and undaunted Resolutions, that they will run the hazard of being Hang'd, rather than not be reveng'd on Matrimony, or forbear to discover the Corruption of their own Natures.

If you Kiss a Woman in Publick, tho' offer'd as a Curteous Salutation, if any Information is given to the *Select Members*, both shall be *Whip'd* or *Fin'd*. It's an excellent Law to make *Lovers* in Privat make much of their time, since open *Lip-Lechery* is so dearly purchas'd. But the good humor'd Lasses, to

make you amends, will Kiss the kinder in a Corner.

Publick *Kissing*, and single *Fornication* are both of a Price; for which Reason the Women wisely consider, the latter may be done with more safty than the former; and if they chance to be Detected, and are forc'd to pay the Fine, they are sure beforehand of something for their Money.

A Captain of a Ship who had been a long Voyage, happen'd to meet his Wife, and kist her in the Street; for which he was fin'd Ten Shillings, and forc'd to pay the Money. What a Happiness, thought I, do we enjoy in *Old-England*, that can not only Kiss our own Wives, but other Mens too without the danger of such a penalty.

Another Inhabitant of the Town was fin'd Ten Shillings for Kissing his own wife in his Garden; and obstinately refusing to pay the Money, endured Twenty Lashes at the *Gun*: Who, in Revenge of his Punishment, Swore he would never Kiss her again, either in Publick or Private. And at this rate, one of the delightfulest Customs in the World, will in time be quite thrown out of Fashion, to the Old Folks satisfaction, but to the Young ones Lamentation, who love it as well in *New-England*, as we do in the *Old*.

A Man and Woman, were sentenc'd to be Whip'd

for the like offence; he being order'd Thirty Lashes, and she Twenty; but he having extorted the Kiss from her, was so Generous to Solicit the Select, that he might have the Fifty, and the Woman to be excus'd; which was consented to accordingly.

Every *Tenth* Man is chose as one of the *Select*, who have Power, together, to Regulate and Punish all disorders that happen in their several Neighbourhoods. The Penalty for *Drunkenness*, is whipping or a Crown; *Cursing* or *Swearing*, the same Fine, or to be bor'd thro' the Tongue with a hot Iron: But get your *Select Member* into your Company and Treat him, and you may do either without offence; and be as safe as a Parishoner here in a Tavern in the *Church-Wardens* Company in *Sermon-time*.

A couple of *Deacons* Marching along the Street, espied a Woman in a corner relieving Nature from the uneasiness of a Burthen she could keep no longer, one of them cryed out to tother, pointing to the Stooping object, *Brother, Brother, what a Shameful thing, what a Beastly thing is this? I Vow, Brother, this is a thing that ought to be Peep'd into.* The other being a more sensible Man, *Prithee Brother* (said he) *do thou Peep into't then, for I care not to run such a hazard of my Eye-sight.* *Besides* (said he) *the thing's to Deep for our inspection; and therefore we shall only be laugh'd at for meddling with the matter.*

They are very busie in detecting one anothers failings ; and he is accounted, by their Church Governors, a Meritorious Christian, that betrays his Neighbour to a Whipping-Post.

A good Cudgel apply'd in the Dark, is an excellent Medicine for a *Malignant Spirit*. I knew it once Experienced at *Boston*, with very good success, upon an Old rigged *Precisian*, one of their *Select*, who used to be more then ordinary vigilant in discovering every little Irregularity in the Neighbourhood ; I happening one Night to be pritty Merry with a Friend, opposite to the *Zealots* dwelling, who got out of his Bed in his Wast-coat and Drawers, to listen at our Window. My Friend having oft been serv'd so, had left unbolted his Cellar *Trap-door*, as a *Pit-fall* for Mr. *Busie-Body*, who stepping upon it, sunk down with an Outcry like a distressed Mariner in a sinking *Pinnacle*. My Friend having planted a Cudgel ready, run down Stairs, crying *Thieves*, and belabour'd Old *Troublesome* very severely before he would know him. He crying out *I am your Neighbour. You Lye, you Lye, you Rogue*, says my Friend, *my Neighbours are Honest Men, you are some Thief come to rob my House*. By this time I went down with a Candle, my Friend seeming wonderfully surpriz'd to see 'twas his Neighbour, and

one of the *Select* too, put on a Counterfeit Countenance, and heartily beg'd his Pardon. Away troop'd the Old *Fox*, Grumbling and Shrugging up his Shoulders; and became afterwards the most Moderate Man in Authority in the whole Town of *Boston*.

*A little Pains sometimes do good
To such Cross Knotty Sticks of Wood.
Correction is the best Recept,
To set a Crooked Temper Streight.
If such Old Stubborn Boughs can Bend,
And from a just Chastisement mend,
Fond Parents pray assign a Reason,
Why Youth should want it in due Season?*

The Women here, are not at all inferiour in Beauty to the Ladies of *London*, having rather the Advantage of a better Complexion; but as for the Men, they are generally *Meagre*; and have got the *Hypocritical* knack, like our *English Jews*, of screwing their Faces, into such *Puritanical* postures, that you would think they were always Praying to themselves, or running melancholy Mad about some Mystery in the *Revelations*: So that 'tis rare to see a handsome Man in the Country, for they have all one Cast, but of what Tribe I know not.

A Woman that has lost her *Reputation*, hath lost her *Portion*; her *Virginity* is all her *Treasure*: And yet the Merry Lasses esteem it but a Trifle, for they had rather, by far, loose *that* then their *Teeming-time*.

The *Gravity* and *Piety* of their looks, are of great Service to these *American* Christians: It makes strangers that come amongst them, give Credit to their Words. And it is a Proverb with those that know them, *Whosoever believes a New-England Saint, shall be sure to be Cheated: And he that knows how to deal with their Traders, may deal with the Devil and fear no Craft.*

I was mightily pleas'd one Morning with a Contention between two Boys at a Pump in *Boston*, about who should draw their Water first. One Jostled the other from the Handle, and he would fill his Bucket first, because his Master said *Prayers* and sung *Psalms* twice a Day in his Family, and the others Master did not. To which the Witty Knave made this reply, *Our House stands backward in a Court; if my Master had a Room next the Street, as your Master has, he'd Pray twice to your Masters once, that he wou'd; and therefore I'll fill my Pail first, Marry will I; and did accordingly.*

Some Years Ago, when the Factors at *Boston*

were Credited with large Stocks by our *English* Merchants, and being backward in their Returns, and more in their Books than they were willing to satisfie, contriv'd this Stratagem to out-wit their Correspondents. As 'tis said, They set Fire to their Ware-houses, after the disposal of their Goods, and Burnt them down to the Ground, pretending in their Letters, they were all undone, their Cargos and Books all destroy'd; and so at once Ballanc'd their Accounts with *England*.

One of their Factors, who had three or four Thousand Pounds worth of an *English* Merchants Goods in his Hands, sends him an Account of this Lamentable Mischance, to the purpose he was quite Ruin'd, and had lost all but a small Cheese of four Pound Weight, which he sent him for a present. The Merchant having had some Intelligence of the Roguery of his Factor, invites several Eminent Merchants (that dealt to *New-England*) to Dinner with him, who came accordingly, he having prepar'd an Extraordinary Feast to entertain them. They mightily condol'd his great Loss, (he making slight of it) and blam'd him for the Extravagancy of his Treat, after he had sustain'd so considerable a Misfortune. *Ab! Gentlemen*, says he, *this is nothing to what I have provided you: I have one Dish still to*

come up, which cost me between three and four Thousand Pounds; and, notwithstanding its costliness, I think it not Good enough for such worthy Company. The Gentlemen look'd one upon another, and thought he was Frenzical. In the interim, up came his *New-England Present*, under a cover. *That's the Dish*, says the Master of the Feast, *that stood me in so many Thousands.* 'Tis but a small Morsel, considering the Price. The Company all wondering of what delicates the Cook must have compos'd this Extravagant Kickshaw, lifted up the Cover, and finding nothing but a *Cbeese*, laugh'd as heartily at their Disapointment, as the *Mob* in the Fable at the *Mountain-mouse*. Then he continued their Mirth by unfolding the Riddle: And Swore, if ever he trusted a *New-England Saint* again for three Pence, the Devil shou'd have a Title to him and his Heirs for half the Money.

The Ground upon which *Boston* (the Metropolis of *New-England*) stands, was purchas'd from the Natives, by the first *English* Proprietors, for a Bushel of *Wampum-peag* and a Bottle of *Rum*, being of an inconsiderable Value. Therefore the Converted *Indians*, (who have the use of the Scriptures) cannot blame *Esau* for selling his *Birth-right* for a mess of *Porrage*.

The *Latitude* of *Boston* is accounted 42 deg. 30 Min. *North*. Its *Longitude* 315 deg. And is very commodiously Seated upon a *Bay*, large enough for the Anchorage of 500 Sail of Ships.

Of the Country in General.

New-England is computed to begin at 40, and end at 46 *North Latitude*; Running from *De-la-Ware-Bay* to *New-found-Land*. The Country is for the most part Wilderness, being generally *Rocky*, *Woody* and *Mountainous*, very rarely Beautified with *Valleys*, but those Large and Rich, wherein are *Lakes* thirty or forty Miles in compass, from whence their great Rivers have their beginnings, and are chiefly Succour'd.

There are many Plantations by the Sea-side, Situate for the advantage of the *East* and *South* Winds, which coming from Sea produceth warm Weather. The *Nor-west* blowing over Land, causeth extremity of Cold; and very often strikes both *Indian* and *English* Inhabitants with that terrible Distemper, called, the *Plague* in the *Back*.

The Country, by its Climate, is always troubled with an *Ague* and *Fever*; As soon as ever the Cold fit's over, tis attended with a Hot: And the *Natives*

themselves, whose Bodys are Habituated to the sudden changes, from one Extream to another, cannot but confess, They *Freez* in Winter and *Fry* in Summer.

A Ridg of White Mountains run almost thro' the Country, whereon lies a remembrance of the past Winter, in the warmest of their weather. An *Indian* at the sight of the Snow, lodg'd upon the Shoulders of these Hills, will Quake at Midsummer: For they love Cold like a *Cricket*. At the Top there is a large Plain, ten or twelve Leages over, yielding nothing but Moss, where a Man may walk with his Mistress, in the height of his Juvenality, and not entertain one Thought of attempting her *Chastity*, it being fatally Cold, and above the Clouds; and would have been a rare place, for the presumptuous *Babilonians* to have Built their Tower on.

Plymouth Plantation was the first *English* Colony that settled in *New-England*, in the Year 1618. Their Habitations, at their going on Shore, being empty *Hogs-heads*, which they whelm'd over their Heads to defend themselves from the cold Damps and falling Mischiefs of the Night. Each House having but one *Window*, and that's the *Bung-hole*, requiring a *Cooper* instead of a *Carpenter* to keep

their Houses in repair. Their *Provision* (till better acquainted with the Country) being only *Pumkin*, which they Cook'd as many several ways, as you may Dress *Venison*: And is continued to this Day as a great dish amongst the *English*. *Pumpkin Porrage* being as much in esteem with *New-England* Saints, as *Jelly Broth* with *Old-England* Sinners.

Ten Years expired, before any other Colonies were Planted; since which time the Possessions of the *English* are so greatly improv'd, That in all their Colonies, they have above a Hundred and Twenty Towns, And is at this Time one of the most Flourishing Plantations belonging to the *English* Empire.

There is a large Mountain, of a Stupendious height, in an Uninhabitable part of the Country, which is call'd the *Shining Mountain*, from an amazing Light appearing on the Top, visible at many Leages distance, but only in the Night.

The *English* have been very curious in examining the Reason of it; and have, in Bodies, with great Pains and Danger, attempted a rational Discovery of this Prodigy to no purpose: For they could not observe any thing upon it to occasion this unusual brightness. It is very terrible to the *Indians*, who are of a blind Opinion that it contains great Riches, and the Devil lives there; and do assert, That when

any of them ascend this place, they are met by something in the figure of an Old *Indian*, that commands them to return, or if they proceed further they shall Die, which several have found true, by presuming to climb higher, heedless of the caution.

Of the Native English in General.

The Women (like the Men) are excessive *Smokers*; and have contracted so many ill habits from the *Indians*, that 'tis difficult to find a Woman cleanly enough for a *Cook* to a *Squemish Lady*, or a Man neat enough for a *Vallet* to Sir *Courtly Nice*. I am sure a *Covent-Garden Beau*, or a *Bell-fa* would appear to them much stranger *Monsters*, then ever yet were seen in *America*.

They *Smoke* in *Bed*, *Smoke* as they *Nead* their *Bread*, *Smoke* whilst they'r *Cooking* their *Victuals*, *Smoke* at *Prayers*, *Work*, and *Exonoration*, and their Mouths stink as bad as the *Bowl* of a *Sailers Pipe*, which he has funk'd in, without *Burning*, a whole *Voyage* to the *Indias*.

Eating, *Drinking*, *Smoking* and *Sleeping*, takes up four parts in five of their *Time*; and you may divide the remainder into *Religious Excercise*, *Day Labour*, and *Evacuation*. Four Meals a Day, and a

good Knap after Dinner, being the Custom of the Country.

Rum, alias *Kill Devil*, is as much ador'd by the *American English*, as a dram of *Brandy* is by an old *Billingsgate*. 'Tis held as the *Comforter* of their *Souls*, the *Preserver* of their *Bodys*, the *Remover* of their *Cares*, and *Promoter* of their *Mirth*; and is a Sovereign Remedy against the *Grumbling* of the *Guts*, a *Kibe-beel*, or a *Wounded Conscience*, which are three Epidemical Distempers that afflict the Country.

Their *Industry*, as well as their *Honesty*, deserves equal Observation; for it is practicable amongst them, to go two miles to catch a Horse, and run three Hours after him, to Ride Half a Mile to *Work*, or a Quarter of a Mile to an *Ale-house*.

One Husband-man in *England*, will do more Labour in a Day, then a *New-England* Planter will be at the pains to do in a Week: For to every Hour he spends in his *Grounds*, he will be two at an *Ordinary*.

They have wonderful *Appetites*, and will Eat like *Plough-men*; tho' very *Lazy*, and *Plough* like *Gentlemen*: It being no rarity there, to see a Man Eat till he Sweats, and Work till he Freezes.

The Women are very *Fruitful*, which shows the Men are *Industrious* in *Bed*, tho' *Idle up*. *Children*

and *Servants* are there very Plenty ; but *Honest-men* and *Virgins* as scarce as in other places.

Provisions being Plenty, their Marriage-Feasts are very Sumptuous. They are sure not to want Company to Celebrate their Nuptials ; for its Customary in every Town, for all the Inhabitants to Dine at a Wedding without Invitation : For they value their *Pleasure* at such a rate, and bear such an affection to *Idleness*, that they would run the hazard of *Death* or *Ruin*, rather than let slip so Merry a *Holy-day*.

The *Women*, like Early *Fruits*, are soon *Ripe* and soon *Rotten*. A *Girl* there at Thirteen, thinks herself as well Quallified for a *Husband*, as a forward *Miss* at a Boarding-School, does here at Fifteen for a *Gallant*.

He that Marrys a *New-England* Lass at Sixteen, if she prove a Snappish Gentlewoman, her Husband need not fear she will bite his Nose off ; for its ten to one but she hath shed her Teeth, and has done Eating of Crust, before she arrives to that Maturity.

It is usual for the Men to be *Grey* at Thirty ; and look as Shrivel'd in the *Face*, as an old *Parchment Indenture* pasted upon a *Barbers Block*. And are such lovers of *Idleness*, That they are desirous of be-

ing thought *Old*, to have a better pretence to be *Lazy*.

The Women have done bearing of Children by that time they are Four and Twenty: And she that lives un-Married till she's Twenty Five, may let all the Young Sports-men in the Town give her *Maiden-head* chase without the Danger of a *Timpany*.

Notwithstanding their *Sanctity*, they are very *Prophane* in their common *Dialect*. They can neither drive a *Bargain*, nor make a *Fest*, without a Text of Scripture at the end on 't.

An *English* Inhabitant having sold a Bottle of *Rum* to an *Indian* (contrary to the Laws of the Country) was detected in it; and order'd to be Lash'd. The Fellow brib'd the *Whipster* to use him tenderly; but the *Flog-master* resolving (being a Conscientious Man) to do his Duty Honestly, rather punish'd the Offender with the greater severity, who casting a sorrowful look over his Shoulder, Cry'd out, *the Scripture sayeth, Blessed is the Merciful Man*. The Scourgeoner replying, *and it also says, Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord Negligently*: And for fear of coming under the *Anathema*, laid him on like an unmerciful *Dog*, till he had given him a thorough Fellow-feeling of his *Cat of Nine-tails*.

Their Lecture-Days are call'd by some amongst

them, *Whore Fair*, from the Levity and Wanton Frolicks of the Young People, who when their Devotion's over, have recourse to the *Ordinaries*, where they plentifully wash away the remembrance of their *Old Sins*, and drink down the fear of a *Fine*, or the dread of a *Whipping-post*. Then *Uptails-all* and the *Devils* as busie under the *Petticoat*, as a *Juggler* at a *Fair*, or a *Whore* at a *Carnival*.

Husking of *Indian-Corn*, is as good sport for the Amorous *Wag-tailes* in *New-England*, as *Maying* amongst us is for our forward Youths and Wenches. For 'tis observ'd, there are more *Bastards* got in that Season, than in all the Year beside; which Occasions some of the looser *Saints* to call it *Rutting Time*.

Many of the Leading *Puritans* may (without Injustice) be thus Characteris'd. They are *Saints* without *Religion*, *Traders* without *Honesty*, *Christians* without *Charity*, *Magistrates* without *Mercy*, *Subjects* without *Loyalty*, *Neighbours* without *Amity*, *Faithless Friends*, *Implacable Enemys*, and *Rich Men* without *Money*.

They all pretend to be driven over by *Persecution*, which their Teachers Roar out against in their Assemblies, with as much bitterness, as a double refin'd *Protestant* can belch forth against the *Whore* of

Babylon: Yet have they us'd the *Quakers* with such severity, by *Whipping*, *Hanging*, and other Punishments, forcing them to put to Sea in Vessels without Provision, they flying with Gladness to the Merciless Ocean, as their only Refuge under Heaven, left to escape the *Savage Fury* of their *Unchristian Enemies*, till drove by *Providence* upon *Rboad-Island* (so call'd from their accidental discovery of it in their Stroling Adventure) which they found full of *Fruits* and *Flowers*, a *Fertile Soil*, and extreamly Pleasant, being the Garden of *America*; where they happily Planted themselves, making great improvements: There Live and Flourish, as the *Righteous*, like a Bay-Tree under the Noses of their *Enemies*.

The *Clergy*, tho' they Live upon the Bounty of their Hearers, are as rediculously *Proud*, as their *Communicants* are shamefully *Ignorant*. For tho' they will not suffer their Unmannerly Flock to worship their Creator with that Reverence and Humility as they ought to do, but tell them 'tis *Popery* to uncover their Heads in the House and Presence of the *Deity*; yet they Oblige every Member to pay an humble respect to the *Parsons Box*, when they make their offerings every Sunday, and fling their *Mites* into their *Teachers Treasury*. So that the Haughty

Prelate exacts more Homage, as due to his own Transcendency, than he will allow to be paid to Heaven or its place of Worship.

If you are not a Member in full Communion with one of their Assemblies, your Progeny is deny'd *Baptism*, for which Reason, there are Hundreds amongst them, at Mans Estate, that were never *Christened*.

All *Håndicrafts-Men* may live here very well, except a *Pick-pocket*; of all *Artificers* he would find the least Encouragement; for the scarcity of Money would baulk his Tallent.

An Eminent *Planter* came to me for an Ounce of *Venice-treacle*, which I would have sold him for a Shilling; he protested he had liv'd there Fifty Years, and never see in the whole Term, Ten Pounds in *Silver-Money* of his own; and yet was Rated at a Thousand Pounds, and thought the *Assessors* us'd him kindly: But gave me for my Medicine a Bushel of *Indian-Corn*, vallued at half a Crown, and Vow'd if a Shilling would save his Family from destruction, he knew not how to raise it.

They have a *Charter* for a *Fair* at *Salem*, but it Begins, like *Ingerstone* Market, half an Hour after Eleven a Clock, and Ends half an Hour before Twelve: For I never see any thing in it but by

great Accident, and those were *Pumkins*, which were the chief Fruit that supported the *English* at their first settling in these parts. But now they enjoy plenty of good Provisions, *Fish, Flesh, and Fowl*, and are become as great *Epicures*, as ever Din'd at *Pontack's* Ordinary.

Lobsters and *Cod-fish* are held in such disdain, by reason of their Plenty, 'tis as Scandalous for a poor Man in *Boston* to carry one through the streets, as 'tis for an Alderman in the City of *London*, to be seen walking with a Groatsworth of *Fresh-Herrings*, from *Billings-gate* to his own House.

There were formerly amongst them (as they themselves Report) abundance of *Witches*, and indeed I know not, but there may be as many now, for the Men look still as if they were *Hag-ridden*; and every Stranger, that comes into the Country, shall find they will Deal by him to this Day, as if the *Devil* were in 'em.

Witchcraft they Punish'd with Death, till they had Hang'd the best People in the Country; and Convicted the *Culprit* upon a single Evidence: So that any prejudic'd person, who bore Malice against a Neighbour, had an easie method of removing their Adversary. But since, upon better consideration, they have Mitigated the severity of that unreasona-

ble Law, there has not been one accused of *Witchcraft*, in the whole Country.

Many are the Bug-bear stories reported of these suppos'd *Negromancers*, but few Believ'd, tho' I presume none True, yet all Collected and already Printed, I shall therefore omit the relating of any.

They have one very wholesome Law, which would do mighty well to be in force in *Old-England*; which is a Peculiar method they have of Punishing *Scolds*. If any Turbulent Women be Troubled with an unruly Member, and uses it to the Defamation of any Body, or disquiet of her Neighbours, upon Complaint, she is order'd to be *Gag'd* and set at her own Door as many Hours as the Magistrates shall think fit, there to be gaiz'd at by all Passengers till the time's expired. Which, to me, seems the most Equitable Law imaginable to Punish more particularly that Member which committed the Offence.

Whipping is a Punishment so Practicable in this Country, upon every slight Offence, that at a Town upon the *Sound*, call'd *New-Haven*, the People do confess, that all the Inhabitants of that Place, above the Age of Fourteen, had been Whip'd for some Misdemeanour or other (except two) the *Minister* and the *Justice*.

Of the Beasts.

They have most sort of Four-footed Beasts that we have here, only something different in either Sise or Colour, but of the same Species. I shall only mention those which are Natives of that Country, and to us uncommon; for to Treat of Creatures dayly to be seen, or heard of in our own Climate, will afford the Reader but little Satisfaction.

First of the Moos-Deer.

Of all the Creatures that inhabit these parts of *America*, the *Moos-deer* makes the most Noble figure: He is shap'd like an *English* Deer, only round Footed; but of a stately Stature, seldom so low as the biggest of our *Oxen*. His Head fortified with Horns proportionable, whose Palms are very broad, full of indented branches, and are commonly two Fathom distance from Tip to Tip. His Flesh is not dry, like *Venison*, but moist and Lushious; extreamly palatable, and very wholesome. The flesh of their *Fawns*, is also delicious Food; highly commended by all such who are more than ordinary Nice in obliging their Voluptuous Appetites. There is much said by the Phisicians of that Country concerning the Excellent Virtues of the Horn of this

Creature: Being look'd upon as an incomparable Restorative against all inward weaknesses; and in all Cases where *Harts-horn* is prescrib'd, the *Moos-horn* they look upon to be a far better Medicine; half the Quantity being more powerful in effect.

Of the Bear.

The *Bears* that Inhabit this part of *America*, are generally of a blackish Colour during the Winter season, which is much colder than in *England*. They defend themselves from the hardship of the weather, by retiring into Caves, where they continue for about four Months; in which time their Snows are pretty well dissolv'd, and the severity of their Frost over. They are commonly very Fat in the fall of the Leaf, by feeding upon Acorns, at which time the *Indians* destroy a great many; looking upon 'em then to be incomparable *Venison*: But the Head, I believe, is but a sorry dish, because they hold the *Brains* to be Venomous. They are very fierce in *Rutting-time*; and then walk the Country round, thirty or forty in a Company, making a hedious roaring, which may be heard a Mile or two before they come near enough to endanger a Traveller. They will never injure a Man at any other time of the Year, except you attempt to hurt them

first; But if you Shoot at one, and miss him, he will certainly destroy you; which makes the *Indians* sure of their Mark before ever they discharge their Piece. Their Skins they sell to the *English*, but the Flesh they Cook sundry ways, Salting and Drying some, of which they make extraordinary Bacon, no Hogs-flesh in the world being more pleasant to the Eye, grateful to the Tast, or agreeable to the Appetite.

Of the Raccoon.

It is a Creature about the bigness of a Cat, but of a different *Species*. Its Furr is of a dark colour, and in good esteem, tho' something course. He is of an *Owlish* disposition; and chooses for his *Mansion-house* a *Hollow-Tree*. They are mere Gluttons at *Indian-Corn*; and feed themselves in *Autumn* very fat. Their flesh is dark, like Venison; and accounted good Food Roasted.

Of the Wild-Cat,

Which the *Indians* call the *Ounce*. Tis as tall as an *English Bull-dog*; and as fierce. Their manner of Preying, is to climb a Tree, and drop from the Branches upon the Back of *Horse, Cow, Deer*, or

any Creature that is feeding under it ; clinging close with their Tallons, knawing a great hole between the Shoulders of the Beast, who runs full speed till he drops down Dead, and becomes a prey to his subtile Enemy. Their Flesh Roasted, is as good as *Lamb*, and as white.

Of the Porcupine.

This is a very peevish, also a dangerous Creature ; being the height of an ordinary *Mungril*, but in shape like a *Hedge-hog*, arm'd all over with mischievous Darts, as a *Hemp-dressers* Comb with Teeth ; which he exercises with as much Art as an old Soldier does his Pike, charging them according as you Attack him, to the Right, Left, Front, or Rear, which they will Shoot at their Enemies a considerable distance ; and wherever they Stick in the Flesh, if you pluck them not out presently, they will work thro'. The *Indians* use these Quills to adorn their Birchen Dishes. The Flesh they do not Eat.

Of the Beaver.

This is an Amphibeous Creature, rather larger than an *Otter*, Hairy all over but his Tail, which is

Scaly like a Fish ; and is of an admirable Instinct, as is observ'd by their artificial Dam-heads, by which, in dry Seasons, they raise the Water to their Houses, when the Pond, upon whose brinks they dwell, is sunk from it's usual Edges. Their Nests or Burrow which they make, are three Stories high, that in case excessive Rains should over-flow their first and second Floor, they may mount into their Garrets, there Sleep in a dry Skin till the Floods abated. They have two pair of Testacles, one soft and Oily ; and the other pair hard or solid. The Women dry the latter, and grate them into Wine, to further Generation, remove the causes of Barrenness, prevent Miscarriages, and to strengthen Nature against, and also moderate the Pains of Delivery. They Eat no part of this Creature but the Tail, which they flea and boil, accounting it rare Victuals. It's very Fat, and Eats like Marrow, being an excellent Supper for a *Bride-groom*, or good Food for that unhappy Man who has Marry'd a Wife much Younger than himself: Of their Furr, mix'd with Coney-wooll, they make your *Beaver-hats*.

Of the Jackall.

These are very numerous in *New-England*. They are the colour of a Grey *Rabbit* ; something less

than a *Fox*, having much the same Scent, but not so strong. This is the Creature reported to hunt the *Lyons* prey, which make some suspect there are *Lyons*, but there never was but one seen as we have any account of; and that was shot by an *Indian*, with Bow and Arrow, Sixty Years ago, as he lay Dormant upon the Body of an Oak, by a *Hurricane* blown up by the Roots. The *Jackall* is sometimes Eaten by the *Indians*.

Wolves there are abundance, of two sorts, one like a *Mungril*, which kills *Goats*, *Sheep*, &c. And the other shap'd like a *Grey-hound*, which preys upon *Deer*. They are very shy and difficult to be Shot or Trap'd. Their manner of distroying them, being by four *Maycril-hooks*, which they bind together, with their Beards revers'd, then hide them with a Ball of Tallow, and tie it to the Carkass of any thing they have just kill'd, from which you have scar'd them, and when he comes to make up his Meale, being a lover of Fat, he certainly takes your Bait, and becomes your Prisoner.

Besides what I have above mentioned, they have a great deal of good Provisions, as *Beef*, *Mutton*, *Kid*, *Swines-Flesh*, &c. Also great Plenty both of *Fish* and *Fowl*; the Particulars being too large to Treat of in so Brief an Account.

Of the Indians, and first of the Men.

They are generally of a comely Stature, grave Disposition, deliberate in their Talk, and courteous in their Carriage, quick of Apprehension, very Ingenious, Subtile, Proud and Lazy.

There is nothing they Value so much as Liberty and Ease. They will not become Servil upon any Terms whatsoever, or abridge their Native Freedom, with either Work or Confinement, to gain the Universe: For they neither covet Riches, or dread Poverty: But all seem Content with their own Conditions, which are in a manner Equal.

For these four *Virtues* they are very Eminent, *viz.* *Loyal* to their *Kings*, *Constant* to their *Wives*, *Indulgent* to their *Children*, and *Faithful* to their *Trust*.

For nothing will tempt them to offer Violence to their *Sagamore*, to abuse their *Squawes*, use Severity with their *Papooses*, or betray a *Secret*; rather chusing to die then do either.

They call themselves Hunters; and are very dexterous at the use of either Gun or Bow, by the exercise of which, they maintain themselves and Families.

They acknowledge a God, whom they Worship for his Benefits. They believe a Devil, whom they Adore thro' Fear. And have a Blind Notion of

Futurity, which appears by their manner of Inter-ring their Dead, with whom they bury his Bow, Gun, with Provisions for his Journey into a better Country; but where or what it is they know not.

Upon the breaking out of a War, or such extraordinary Occasions, as the old *Romans* consulted their *Oracles*, so do the *Indians* their *Pawaws*, which are a kind of *Wizards*: And at a General *Pawawing*, the Country a Hundred Miles round assemble themselves in a Body; and when they are thus met, they kindle a large Fire, round which the *Pawaw* walks, and beats himself upon his Breast, muttering out a strange sort of intricate Jargon, until he has Elivated himself into so great an Agony, that he falls down by the Fire in a Trance; during which time, the *Sagamores* ask him what they have a mind to know: After which, he is convey'd thro' the Fire, in the same posture that he lies, by a Power invisible, in the sight of the Spectators; then awakes, and Answers the several Questions ask'd by their *Kings* or *Sachems*.

The chiefest Vice amongst them is Drunkenness, which (to the Reputation of *Christianity*) they learn'd of the *English*: And are so greedy of being *Drunk*, when they have purchas'd any *Rum*, that if they have not enough to Fuddle their whole Society,

they draw Cuts who shall Drink, till it falls into the hands of so few, they may be sure to have their Bellies full. When they get *Drunk* they are very Mischievous one to another: But are never known to offer any Indignity to their Kings, who are Hail Fellow well met with his Subjects.

Their *Garments* are *Mantles*, about the bigness of a *Cradle-Rug*, made of course *English Cloth*, which they call a *Coat*. They also have a piece of the same Cloth, about six Inches wide, between their Legs, tuck'd under a Deer's-Skin Belt, to hide their *Privities*, by them call'd *Breeches*. Adorning themselves with *Beads* of several Colours, of their own making. Their Heads, Breast, Legs and Thighs being bare. Sometimes, for their Children, they Weave Coates of *Turky Feathers*.

Their Houses they call *Wigwams*; and are built with bended Poles, after the fashion of our Arbours, cover'd with Bark of Trees, and lin'd with Mats they make of Rushes, leaving a hole at top for a Smoke-vent, kindling their Fires in the middle of their *Wigwams*. Their Lodging is upon Hurdles, rais'd from the Ground with Wooden Stumps.

Of their Women.

Their *Squaws* when Young, are generally round

Visage'd, well Feitur'd, Plump, and Handsome; black-Eyed, with Alabaster Teeth, a Satin Skin, and of excellent proportion; with tolerable Complexions, which they injure much with *Red-lead* and *Bears-grease*, being so silly to believe it gives an advantage to their Beauty.

They are extreemly *Modest* when *Virgins*; very *Continent* when *Wives*, *Obedient* to their *Husbands*, and tender *Mothers* to their *Children*. From whom our *English Ladies* might learn those *Virtues*, which would heighthen their *Charms*, and Illusterate their *Perfection* beyound the Advantages of gaudy Dresses.

They are much in the Condition of our first Parents; having a little more than a *Fig-leaf* to hide their Nakedness: Yet the *modestty* of their deportment, makes it not look like *Impudence* but *Necessity*.

They carry their Children at their Backs, lac'd to a Board in the form of a *Boot-jack*: which is said to be the reason their Children are never *Rickety*, or shall you ever see a Bandy-leg'd or Crooked *Indian*.

Of their Food.

Their Diet is *Fish*, *Fowl*, *Bear*, *Wild-cat*, *Raccoon*, *Deer*, *Oysters*, *Lobsters* roasted or dry'd in Smoke, *Lampres*, *Moos-tongues* dry'd, which they esteem a

dish for a *Sagamore*. With hard Eggs Pulveriz'd, they thicken their Broth; *Indian-Corn* and *Kidney-Beans* boil'd, *Earth-Nuts*, *Chest-Nuts*, *Lilly-Roots*, *Pumpkins*, *Milions*, and divers sorts of *Berries*; Cook'd after various manners.

Their Distempers are,

Quinsies, Pleurisies, Sciatica, Head-Ach, Palsey, Dropsie, Worms, Cancer, Pestilent Fever and Scurvy; For all which Diseases, the *Indians* are Incomparable Physicians: Being well skill'd in the Nature of *Herbs* and *Plants* of that Country. But the *English* will not make use of them, because their Ministers have infus'd this Notion into 'em, That what they do, is by the Power of the Devil.

F I N I S .

J. W.'s

Letter from New-England

1682



IN spite of the reduced size of the facsimile plates which were made while the original edition of this tract was available for reproduction, it has seemed wise to reprint it in this form rather than in that of the more readable modern typography. As the copy from which these facsimiles were made may be the only one which has survived into the twentieth century, it is desirable that its exact appearance be preserved against the mischance of loss of the original. The Club also prefers by this means to relieve itself of any direct responsibility for the exact phraseology of this contribution to the literature which concerns America.

It may be that the world would be better if such books as this had never been printed. But they were printed, in large numbers, and they furnished the principal reading matter of a very considerable proportion of the population. In view of this fact, it is well that the attention of students should occasionally be called to the books which not only show a side of the social life of the past, but which afford a substantial basis for opinions regarding the vast improvement of the present over the past.

LETTER

FROM

NEW-ENGLAND

Concerning their

CUSTOMS. MANNERS,

AND

RELIGION.

Written upon occasion of a Report about a

Quo Warranto

Brought against that

GOVERNMENT.

Signed, J. W.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *Randolph Taylor* near Stationers Hall, 1682:

A
L E T T E R
F R O M
New England, &c.

S I R

I Received yours, and since that we are informed that a *Quo Warranto* is framing against the Government of this place; whether true or false I desire you to send word. I doubt not but in the mean time several of your Dissenters will think it a little hard, that their Brethren should be persecuted afar off, as they cry out they are at home; but if they knew, or upon knowledge considered, what a sort of People the Inhabitants of this Colony are, I believe the very worst of your Enthusiasts and Hypocrites would not claim any Kindred with them.

I think it great reason that the King should make Inquiry into their Authority, when they live altogether as if they denied his, and impose Arbitrary Laws on all Traffiques hither, without respect to their Fellow Subjects; and most certainly the King has good grounds to suspect their Obedience to him, when they live in such a continual course of Debauchery, that by their Actions one would think they were Atheists, and as exempt from the Superintendency of God, as they fancy themselves unaccountable to any Power, by being a Constitution within themselves.

As

As to their Religion, I cannot perfectly distinguish it by name, it being a *Hodgepodge* of all Heresies and Errors mix'd together, the onely Cement being Hypocrisie and Dissimulation; and nothing keeps 'em Friends, but onely the fear of exposing one anothers Knavery. An Elder is a Mungrel begot by a Jack Presbyter upon the body of an Independent Sister. As for the Rabble, their onely Religion lies in cheating all they deal with, and now and then to be cheated themselves by their Pastors for Conscience sake. In a word, both Teacher and Flock are like Watermen, that look one way and row another; their Eyes are always fixed upon Heaven, while they tread the paths to Hell; and have continually God in their mouths, but the Devil in their hearts and actions. Notwithstanding all their noise and clamour against Persecution, and the reasonableness for a Toleration in Tender Consciences, you may expect more mercy from a *Turk* in his revenge, or fairer dealing from a *Jew* in his trade.

I have seen them whip several of the Anabaptist Principle in one day at the Gun, (the usual Whipping place here) onely for serving God according to their way, as if they would allow no body else to be in the wrong but themselves.

The Quakers are here a very suffering Generation, and hardly one of the *Yes and No* Persuasion, but has been abused severely, and three of the most obstinate were tied up; nothing but their Religion being laid to their charge. I would fain know what a bawling about Persecution, free exercise for the Godly, and Liberty and Property, would have been in *England* with you, if such things were acted amongst you as are here daily.

But the most unparallel'd Instance of all is, that though they profess themselves Protestants, their hatred is most generally against those few persons that are according to the *Church of England*; and if any man has the courage to own himself of that Communion, they'll silyly threaten him, and study to trepan him into some breach of their Laws, and so make him either fine, or perhaps inflict a bodily punishment. They exact three pounds a year of such
per.

persons for not frequenting their Conventicles ; and if they come to inhabit with their Families, unless the Man or his Wife be a Member of their Church, they very charitably deny Baptism to their Children, looking upon all but their own dear Cabs as the Seed of Pagans and Infidels.

I wonder by what Authority they thus Lord it over their Fellow Subjects, it being directly contrary to the Kings intent, and the Charter of the place ; all Persuasions being allowed by Royal Leave, it being look'd upon as a Situation designed for Trade, not the propagation of their particular Religion.

They have all their Government within themselves in a particular manner ; they choose their own Officers, and have a Court which consists of Eighteen Magistrates, which they call a Court of Justice. These sit as Judges in all matters that tend to the Execution of the Laws, which are always made by a Court of a General Assembly, which consists not onely of the Court of Justice, but of a Deputy chose out of each respective Town belonging to the *Mosses* Colony. By this General Assembly all Taxes are laid on the People, Laws enacted, &c. Amongst the rest they have a Law, which lays an Imposition on all Goods whatsoever here imported from *England*, which in my opinion is quite contrary to the Laws of *England*, an Act of Parliament being expressly to the contrary ; and certainly they usurp that power, whereby they claim anything from *English* Goods, that have paid His Majesty's Customs at *English* Ports ; and how they came invested with this Prerogative, I believe they will be put to it to give an account.

I know several have been forced to pay one Penny the Pound, and no redress could be had, they being both Judges and Extortioners into the bargain.

They have several good and wholesome Laws as in other places, as against Adultery, Fornication, Cheating, Drunkenness, and Boggery ; but considering their Actions, all their Laws look but like Scarecrows, or for fashions sake. In their practices they outgo the most notorious of Offenders ;

ers; *Messias* was chaste in comparison of their lewd and repeated Fornications and Adulteries. For Lying and Cheating they carry *Judas*, and all the false Merchants in *Hells*; and the worst of Drunkards may here find Pot-companions enough, for all their pretences to Sobriety. In a word, no Sect of Men upon the face of the earth are so unmannerly, in their outward disclaiming against Vices in particular, and more punctil in the practice of all in general.

The Chastity of the People may be guessed at by the number of Delinquents in that kind; there hardly passes a Court Day but four or five are convened for Fornication or Adultery, and Convictions in this nature are very frequent; after which the fair Convict is sometimes turned over to a Lay Elder, for chastisement for her former sin, and the commission of a new one.

Now most certainly if Justice finds out so many Transgressours in this kind, how many must the private ones amount to? I may without being uncharitable think, they include a great part of the Town; for private sins (as these are) seldom fall under publick censure, or at least not so often as more open ones.

Mr. A———s Wife has been most notorious, and disgrac'd the whole Herd, by putting the Flax in her Husband, and being Head-leader the old Pastor? who poor man, though he has the Gift of Sanctifying to the Spirit, still much in Satisfying the Flesh; which gives occasion to his sweet Spouse to frequent abroad for an illicit meet, and once particularly was caught, being seen at the Tavern almost all night with a Person well known here, and returning home to the old Gentleman, was encountered by the Watch, to whom (adding one time to another) she pretended she had been upon the search for her Husband; but the Watch smok'd the business, and out of a sense of their own Failings, and her Credit, dismissed her home, not willing to make her a publick Example, lest the wicked should rejoice, and the uncircumcised triumph at the sweet downfall of a Daughter of Zion.

I could

I could name you several others, as my Lady S—ff, my Lady P—r, and young pretty Mrs. S—, Daughters to a great Member; Mrs. C—y, Mrs. T—r, Mrs. B—ll, Mrs. F—n, Mrs. K—t, Mrs. S—b, Mrs. M—s, and Mrs. J—n; all which are Well-willers to the Mathe-maticks, and can tell how to adorn their Husbands Heads with a Forked Coat of Arms.

And yet further to prove to you how agreeable this sweet sin of Leachery is to them, I shall give you one Instance more, of one who formerly had murdered her Infant here, which was thrown into the Town Dock; the Infant being taken up, the Magistrates immediately gave order for the search of all the Women in the Town, to see if thereby they could find out the Murderess; now in this search, though the Murderess could not be found out, yet several of the Religious that went under the denomination of Maids were found with Child.

In short, though this Town hath but three Conventicles in it, the North, the South, and the old one: yet few places of greater extent abounds with more Pimps, Procurers, Panders, &c. than this does; and the lewdest of 'em all is one M—le.

For Cheating and Lying our Inhabitants are (I believe) singular by themselves, and the Villanies that are committed that way are without number. . . They make a sport of it here, look upon Cheating as a commendable piece of Ingenuity, and brag of those vile Actions which others are ashamed of, commending him that has the most skill to commit a piece of Roguery.

There was one H—L—tt, a true Chip of the old Block, (Son to a Person notoriously known for his dutiful Declaration, in saying, that rather than this People should comply with the Kings Power, he'd sell the Country to the King of Spain, in imitation of his Fathers Virtues) being dispatch'd into the West Indies with a Cargo of Goods, to dispose of them as Factor. This Fellow thinking himself secure amongst the ignorant Indians, proceeds in his old method, and accordingly makes sale of Twelve Barrels of Flower, at a rate certain by the Hundred weight, and in
four

four or five days the *Indian* comes for the Goods; but no sooner had my Rogue *L*——*st* got his *Chapmans* back-side, but he causes the *Flower* to be repackt, and then filled the Barrells with Stone; by which means he increased his store to such a quantity, that he damaged the *Indian* Thirty Pieces of Eight. But he being afterwards found out, was sued and forced to pay for his Knavery; and if it had not been for very earnest and importunate Sollicitations made on his behalf to the Governour, he had most certainly disgrac'd the Pilory.

Another Cheat which he committed was thus, and in his own Countrey too: He agrees with a Countryman for a Horse, and was to pay Four Pounds of *Masachus* Money, and that to become due upoh the Day of Election for Magistrates, which is held yearly. He understanding that the Countryman could not read, makes the Bill under his Hand to be payable at the Day of the Resurrection of the Magistrates, willing belike to take time enough to pay his Debts, or else in good hopes the Magistrates had no share in that Day. The Countryman however sues him, and with much trouble and charge recovers his Money.

This Fellow since his Father died is reduced to a Morfel of Bread, and in so low a condition, that he pimps to most of the Whores in *Boston*. Sometimes he threatens to prosecute Strangers for debauching a Sister or a Cousin, &c. but sometimes after all his blustering he will be contented with Half a Crown. He has his Mates as bad as he is, and many a Shopkeeper and Tradesman as bad as himself; who are so damnably addicted to Lying and Cheating, that it is dangerous for a Stranger to trade amongst them, without peril of being inevitably ruined.

In whatever any one deals with them, he shall be certainly overreached either in goodness or value; so that it would be the wisdom of Foreiners to deal with none but the Factors here, who generally bear a good conscience. And yet amongst them, all are not honest neither: I will instance onely in one, who as I have been credibly informed, having a Warehouse burn'd down not worth to him above 80 *l*. and though he lost not much by the Fire, yet the

the Good Man had the conscience to charge his Correspondents some Hundreds of Pounds for the loss of their Goods.

In short, Sir, these *Bostonians* enrich themselves by the ruine of Strangers, and (like ravenous Birds of Prey) strive who shall fasten his Talons first upon them. But all these things you must know, Sir, pass under the notion of Self-preservation and Christian Policy.

As to their Drunkenness, though they have a Law against it, yet they are so addicted to it, that they doubt whether it is a sin or no, and seldom go to bed without muddy brains. If you come into the company of one in such a condition, you have an infallible Mark to know him by, which is this, you shall hear nothing proceed from his mouth but Scripture Phrase, and when he can hardly speak any thing, he is clearly for Canring. Hence it comes that they are so silly and extravagant in their Prayers and Ejaculations:

Lord, (says one) I thank thee that thou hast thus enrich'd thy Servant; what am I, or what is my Fathers Family, that thou shouldst thus regard me? How hast thou filled thy Servants Cup, nay it runs over to two hundred pounds? Thou hast given thy Servant as good an House as the Worshipful Mr. T——g thy humble Servant, nay almost as good an House as the Honourable the Governour, but there is not so many Bricks, O Lord.

Lord, (says another) I beseech thee give me this Cloath; thou hast promised that all such as belong to the Election of thy Grace shall not want; I challenge thee therefore on thy promise, thou knowest (O Lord) I want a Coat, a Pair of Breeches and a Doublet; 'tis true (O Lord) the Cloath is none of mine own, but persuade the man (O Lord) to give it me.

Lord, (says a third) thou knowest the pride of these people, and that it is for the pride of the people that thou hast brought upon us all these Judgments: O Lord, it is for the pride of the people I say, O Lord if thou wilt not believe me, do but look upon my Capboards Head, and there are a Pair of Shoes with long Toes to them.

I wonder with what impudence these people can pretend to Religion; nay a fourth went further, and in the midst of his Devotion forsooth, when some Milk that was

C

on

on the fire boil'd over, he left his Prayers and curst his Boy, crying, *God damn him for a Son of a Whore, did he not see the Milk boil over?*

Another was at his Exercise, and a Customer knock'd at the door for a Pennyworth of Nails; the Brother sends the Boy to the door, to enquire who it was; he returns and tells him, 'twas a Customer for a Pennyworth of Nails: ask him (says the Good Man) if he will joyn with us in prayer; he goes and returns with a *No*: why then (says the Good Man) serve him *John*, serve him. But of these profane Mixtures we have abundance, there being hardly a Shopkeeper in the whole Town without a tang of this Leven.

A sixth Instance I shall give you of a Lay Elder, one *W—B*, as he prayed in the old Conventicle: *Lord, (says he) thy mercies have been to us manifold, for behold formerly it was but a mere Bog and a Swamp, where our stately Townhouse stands; yea (Lord) the Sea and the Tide came up where now our Boys play at Football.*

Now pray (Sir) let me see what the Brethren can say to these things, and what Scripture they have for their Warrant. Now as to the sin of Buggery, which though it be one of the highest nature, yet there be some of the Brethren that do love to embrace their likeness, (to wit a Beast;) choosing rather to have familiarity with a Beast or a handsome Boy, than use their own Wives.

Whereof take a sad Example of an ancient united Member to his Church, in his respective habitation, who lived at *New Haven*; he was so extremely brutish, that he buggered no less than five several Creatures, a Mare, a Cow, a Sheep, a Sow, and a Bitch. His Wife caught him one day buggering a Sow in the Backside, and threatened him with Justice; but he menacing her with Death, scared her, and so escaped that time, and went on in his Villany; till he was detected by two of his Neighbours, who brought him to Justice for the same, where he confessed the buggering the five several Creatures before mentioned, and was accordingly executed.

I had not given you the trouble of so long a Letter, nor raked in such a Dunghil of Filth, but that this sort of People

ple are apt to say, *Stand off, for I am more holy than thou*; and under that cloud shall perpetrate the most horrid Crimes that ever Hell spawned; as Murder, Adultery, Lying, Cheating, Drunkenness, and Buggery; all which are but Failings in a Brother or Sister: though if a wicked man (*alibi* an honest man) should chance to commit the least of these Crimes, straight ways all the Volleys of Damnation, that the envious mouth of an Hypocrite can discharge on him, shall be his lot.

Of things and persons though I could write much more, yet I shall make an end with a Relation of a severe piece of Justice, done by one that is in Commission for the Peace; A Vintner in *Boston* put up a new Sign called *The Rose and Crown*, with two Naked Boys being Supporters, and their Nudities Pendent: the sight disturbed one Justice S—, who commanded it down; and away were the Boys sent to the Carvers to be dismembered: but the unlucky Dog of a Carver sent them back again two chopping Girls with Merkins exposed. This enraged the Justice more, and the Sign was summoned before the wise Court, where they gravely determined (to keep the Girls from blushing) they should have Roses clapt upon their Merkins; which is the original of our new Proverb, *Under the Rose a Merkin*. Sir, I shall trouble you no more at present, onely that I am

Yours, J. W.

F I N I S.

Notes

Page x, first paragraph

READERS who are familiar with Sewall's Diary and Letters, the Andros Tracts and the Randolph Papers will have met with the authority for most of the statements in this paragraph. The allusion to the recruiting of pirate crews is based upon the following extract from "The Seaman's Opinion of a Standing Army in England, in Opposition to a Fleet at Sea, as the best Security of this Kingdom," printed in January, 1699.

"The last Voyage I made was to New-England; the Commander of the Ship I sail'd in was a Man of Virtue and Probity, very skilful in Navigation, and one that had a due regard to the Profit and Advantage of his Owners. But the Mate, Boatswain, Gunner, and other Officers, were Men of vicious Principles, and work'd so far upon the good Nature of the Captain, that they got intire possession of him, to the no small loss of the Merchants, and the trouble of all the honest Sailors aboard. When we came to New-England, and had taken in our Loading, being homeward bound, they persuaded him to take more Men, more Forces aboard, under pretence of Advice they had receiv'd from England of some Turkish Men of War that lay in the Chaps of the

English Channel. The poor Captain believ'd a Necessity upon such plausible Pretences of augmenting his Forces, being unwilling to have his Ship pirated from him: The Forces were raising apace, when it was discover'd that these Fellows had a design to run away with the Ship; so that had their Design taken effect, the good-natur'd Captain had been thrown over-board, and I had now been among the Madagascar Pirates."

Page xi, second paragraph

"The wickedest city in the world," and "A Cesspool of Sin" are terms which have been applied to Boston, according to newspaper report, during the year 1905, by a Bishop of the Methodist denomination and by the pastor of the most widely known American Baptist church. As one of them, in reply to the criticism aroused by the report, denied using the words ascribed to him, it would be unfair to cite name or date. That the report could be made, and accepted by readers, shows that now, no more than two hundred years ago, is the evidence of pulpit utterances to be accepted as literally true in all cases. Cotton Mather, like Edward Ward, made statements, not for historically-minded posterity, but for the edification and entertainment of

contemporaries. Each clothed his utterances in the phraseology which was most certain to attract and hold the desired attention.

Page xvii, first paragraph

An idea of the feeling aroused by the controversy regarding the sacrament of the Holy Communion may be gathered from the following extracts of titles of books printed at the time.

“The Young Mans Claim unto the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper, by the Reverend John Quick, Minister in London . . . offer’d unto the Churches of New-England; by sundry Ministers of those churches, approving of it, and attesting to it. With a defence of those churches, from what is offensive to them, in a discourse late published, under the title of, The Doctrine of instituted churches. By Certain Ministers of the Gospel, in Boston.—Boston, 1700.”

“A Vindication of the Divine Authority of Ruling Elders. . . . An Answer to the Question, Whether are not the Brethren, and not the Elders of the Church only, to judge concerning the qualifications, and fitness, of those who are admitted into their Communion? by the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather in his book entituled, The Order of the

Gospel." This was printed in Boston in 1700. Another reply to Mather, "Gospel Order Revived . . . by Sundry Ministers of the Gospel in New-England," was printed in New York, according to the preface because "the Press in Boston is so much under the aw of the Reverend Author, whom we answer, and his friends, that we could not obtain of the Printer there to print the following sheets." To this statement the printer, Bartholomew Green, responded in an "Advertisement," printed early in 1701, containing "Depositions relating to his refusing to print a pamphlet entitled 'Gospel Order Revived.'" Cotton Mather also published "A Collection, of some of the many offensive matters contained in a pamphlet, entitled, the Order of the Gospel revived," to which his father contributed a prefatory letter.

Page 39, second paragraph

John Dunton, the bookseller, whose *Life and Errors*, printed at London in 1705, contains much that supplements Ward's account of Boston, stated that : "He that trades with the Inhabitants of Boston, shou'd be well furnish'd with a *Grecian Faith*, he may get Promises enough, but their Payments come late.

Page 46, first paragraph

Hutchinson, in his *History of Massachusetts*, I : 349, quotes from an interleaved almanack : "Aug. 8, 1679, about midnight, a terrible fire began at one Gross's house, the sign of the Three Mariners, near the dock in Boston. All the warehouses, and a great number of dwelling houses, with vessels then in the dock, were consumed. It continued till near noon the next day ; the most awful desolation that Boston ever saw ; eighty odd dwelling-houses and seventy odd warehouses, with several vessels and their lading consumed to ashes. The whole loss computed to be two hundred thousand pounds." Hubbard, in his *History of New-England*, page 649, says that only twenty or thirty dwelling houses and "a considerable part of the warehouses, belonging to the chiefest merchants in the town" were consumed, adding that it "was set on fire by some wicked and malicious wretches, as is justly suspected, which hath half ruined the whole colony." The fire is mentioned in a letter from Richard Smith of Narragansett to Sir Robert Southwell, dated 29 September, 1679, and printed in the Rhode Island Historical Society's *Collections*, x ; 277 : "A prodigious and dreadful fyre hath hapned in Boston Town, in which is consumed att least 200,000 £

lation of the psalms, with this sentence on the title, printed at London in 1671, 1680, and 1697; and at Boston in 1695, 1698, and 1699.

Page 42, third paragraph

It may be that the most unpleasant paragraph in Ward's tract is not as discreditable as it appears, to the worthy townsfolk upon whom the London publican thought to turn the laugh. The thing which gave rise to the supposed conversation was a sight which then, and occasionally now, might have been chanced upon within the limits of any European or American city. It is quite probable that Ward's tale is a correct rehearsal of the gossip of the town, and that this was based on an actual occurrence. If so, this may be the earliest recorded discussion of the desirability of public necessities in cities. Boston has always enjoyed a reputation for realizing the need of and for attending to civic improvement a bit ahead of the rest of the world, and until some fairly claim that Ned Ward's merry jest is in fact one of the justifications for the claim of "The Hub" to its recognized position of leadership.

These were probably the clergymen characterized by Ward, for the Fourth Church, although doubtless being organized while he was in Boston, did not secure its pastor, Benjamin Colman, until November, 1699. This would explain the mention of four churches, while the prominence of Cotton Mather, assistant to his father in the Second Church, added to the confusion in Ward's mind. Mr. Allen's assistants, John Bailey and Benjamin Wadsworth, were neither sufficiently well known to attract his notice.

There were also in Boston at this time the King's Chapel Episcopal church, presided over by Samuel Myles; a Baptist church, to which Mr. John Emblen had ministered since 1684; and the Quaker Meeting House, the first brick religious edifice in Boston, erected in 1697.

Page 40, second paragraph

The third edition of the "Bay Psalm Book," printed at Cambridge in New-England in 1651 was the first to have on the title the words to which Ward doubtless referred, "faithfully translated into English metre, For the use, edification, and comfort, of the Saints, in publick, & private, especially in New-England." There were editions of this trans-

"I made a Visit to the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather, the Metropolitan Clergy-Man of that Country, and Rector of Harvard-Colledge. He's Master of a great Stock of Learning, and a very Eminent Divine.

"His Son the Reverend Mr. Cotton Mather, was then upon finishing his *Magnalia Christi Americana*, which has lately been publish'd here in England. There's abundance of *Freedom and Familiarity* in the *Humour* of this Gentleman; His *Conversation* and his *Writings*, are living Evidences that he has read much, but there are many that won't allow him the Prudence to make a *seasonable Use* of it.

"His Library is very large and numerous, but had his Books been fewer when he writ his History, 'twould have pleas'd us better.

I was next to wait upon the Reverend Mr. Willard, Minister to the *South-Meeting* in Boston; he's well furnish'd with Learning and solid Notion, has a Natural fluency of Speech, and can say what he pleases.

Afterward I went to visit the Reverend Mr. Allen, he's very Humble and very Rich, and can be Generous enough, when the Humour is upon him. His Son was an Eminent Minister, here in England, and deceas'd at Northampton."

sterling; sume thinke it sett on feyr by deseyne.” The Boston people accused the Baptists of having caused the fire, and in October the General Court ordered ten persons to “depart the Jurisdiction and never return . . . being under vehement suspicion of attempting to burn the Town of Boston.”

Page 51, first paragraph

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, the daughter of the wealthiest settler and wife of the first pastor at Lancaster, Massachusetts, confirms Ward's statement that the women of New England were accustomed to smoking tobacco, but she also shows that the habit was beginning to be frowned upon, twenty-five years before the date of Ward's observations. Mrs. Rowlandson was taken captive by the Indians who burned Lancaster on February 10, 1675, and forced to accompany them on their retreat to the Connecticut River. There, on March eighth, at South Vernon, Vermont, she "went to see King Philip, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether J would smoke it (a usual Complement now adayes amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. *It seems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men loose their precious time:* J remember with shame, how formerly, when J had taken two or three pipes, J was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is: But J thank God, he has now given me power over it: surely there are many who may be better imployed than to ly sucking a

stinking Tobacco-pipe."— *The Sovereignty & Goodness of God . . . Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson. Written by Her own Hand for Her private Use, and now made Publick at the earnest Desire of some Friends, and for the benefit of the Afflicted.*—Cambridge, 1682; p. 24.

Six weeks later, Mr. Rowlandson twice sent his wife a pound of Tobacco, together with two Biskets, to comfort her in her captivity. She sold the Tobacco, protesting in her *Narrative*, p. 56, that "it was a great mistake in any, who thought I sent for Tobacco: for through the favour of God, that desire was overcome."

This leaflet should be inserted at the
end of the second publication of the Club ;
Boston in 1682 and 1699.

